Master Negative Storage Number

OCI00035.16

More, Hannah

The wife reformed

Dublin

[17--]

Reel: 35 Title: 16

BIBLIOGRAPHIC RECORD TARGET
PRESERVATION OFFICE
CLEVELAND PUBLIC LIBRARY

RLG GREAT COLLECTIONS
MICROFILMING PROJECT, PHASE IV
JOHN G. WHITE CHAPBOOK COLLECTION
Master Negative Storage Number: OC100035.16

Control Number: ADM-2326
OCLC Number : 26435657
Call Number : W 381.52R H6292 WIFE
Author : More, Hannah, 1745-1833.
Title : The wife reformed.
Imprint : Dublin : Sold by W. Watson and Son, [17--]
Format : 23 p. ; 17 cm.
Note : Cover title.
Note : Title vignette.
Note : With: The history of Mary Wood, the house-maid. Dublin : Sold by W. Watson and Son, [17--].
Subject : Chapbooks, Irish.
Added Entry : Watson, William, printer.

MICROFILMED BY
PRESERVATION RESOURCES (BETHLEHEM, PA)
On behalf of the
Preservation Office, Cleveland Public Library
Cleveland, Ohio, USA
Film Size: 35mm microfilm
Image Placement: IIB
Reduction Ratio: 8:1
Date filming began: 8/29/94
Camera Operator: AL

THE

WIFE REFORMED.

DUBLIN:

SOLD BY WILLIAM WATSON AND SON,
No. 7, Capel-Street,
Printers to the Cheap Repository for Religious and Moral Tracts,
And by the BOOKSELLERS, CHAPMEN and HAWKERS,
in Town and Country.

☞ Great Allowance to Shopkeepers, Chapmen and Hawkers.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

W
381.52R
H6292
WIFE

The WIFE, &c.

SARAH SMITHWAITE, early in life, married an honeſt induſtrious man, who was by trade a maſon. For the two firſt years of her marriage ſhe was as happy as a good huſband and a prudent conduct could make her; ſhe was very notable, took great pride in ſeeing her houſe clean and in order, and if her little boy had but a rag on it was clean and tidy. When Richard, for ſo her huſband was called, came home from work on a winter's evening he was ſure to return to a bright little fire, and to be met by a wife with ſo ſmiling and cheerful a countenance, that if things had gone ſomewhat croſs in the day, and his temper was a little ruffled, his good-humour was quickly reſtored. Honeſt Richard was ſo happy in his wife and child that he ſcarcely ever ſpent an evening from his own fire-ſide, and the care he ſaw his wife take of what he earned, and the many comforts, through her good management, it pro-

cured him, was ſuch a ſpur to his induſtry, that he purſued his daily labours cheerfully, and got forward apace. But alas! this happineſs was ſoon interrupted.

Unhappily, Sarah formed an intimacy with a Mrs. Clacket, who was lately come to be her neighbour: this woman was a great goſſip; inſtead of being at home in her family ſhe was all the morning gadding from houſe to houſe; ſhe would call on this neighbour and the other neighbour; ſtop half an hour to hear news at one houſe, then make a call at another to communicate what ſhe had heard, and ſo on till the whole morning would paſs away, while her children were going in rags, and acquiring a thouſand bad habits by idling about the ſtreets. 'Evil communication, (we are told by the apoſtle,) corrupts good-manners,' and the truth of this was never more ſtrikingly illuſtrated than in Sarah. Mrs. Clacket never failed to take her neighbour Smithwaite in her rounds, and was ſo chatty, and had always ſo much news to communicate, that Sarah thought her the moſt agreeable perſon in the whole village, and conſidered her time well employed in liſtening to her, though her work would in the mean time ſtand ſtill by the hour together; nor was this the worſt; the viſits Sarah received from her neighbour Clacket

ſhe

ſhe muſt neceſſarily return, and then how could ſhe refuſe to go with her neighbour to make a few calls, as ſhe termed it; in ſhort, Sarah, by conſtantly aſſociating with Mrs. Clacket got ſuch a habit of gadding, that ſhe was never eaſy in her houſe, and grew ſo much to reſemble her, that from being one of the beſt, ſhe became one of the worſt of wives and mothers.

It had been Sarah's favourite maxim hitherto, that 'a Stitch in time ſaves nine,' and ſhe had always found her account in adhering to it, but her frequent junketings with her neighbour Clacket, and others of the ſame turn, to whom ſhe had introduced her, took up ſo much of her time, that ſhe could find none to attend to the cares of her family. If her little boy had a hole in his coat or ſtocking, Sarah would ſuffer it to remain from day to day, till it was ſo large it would take five times as long to mend it, and, after all, would look very unſightly: in ſhort, every thing was neglected; her houſe, from being one of the cleaneſt, was now one of the moſt dirty and diſorderly in the village, and all that ſhe could crib out of her huſband's earnings went to buy frippery ornaments, to make her fit, as ſhe uſed to ſay, to keep company with her betters, for ſo ſhe called Mrs. Clacket,

Clacket, becauſe ſhe had more money and could dreſs better.

This ſort of conduct could not be pleaſing to Richard; at firſt he expoſtulated in mild terms, and endeavoured by gentle language to recal her to a ſenſe of her duty; but finding that all he ſaid was of no avail, and that Sarah ſtill continued her follies, his temper became ſoured and irritated; he returned from work peeviſh and out of humour, and often ſought in an ale houſe the comforts he uſed to look for at home; he no longer purſued his work with his uſual alacrity; the ſpur to his induſtry was gone; he worked no more at over-hours, by which his weekly ſtipend was formerly much encreaſed, the comforts it once produced him were no more, and he became careleſs and neglectful. Sarah could not but obſerve this change in her huſband, and complained loudly of it to her neighbour Clacket, eſpecially of his peeviſh temper, which ſhe ſaid, was paſt bearing. Mrs. Clacket condoled with her upon her hard fate, but ſaid it was entirely her own fault; 'Only, (ſaid ſhe,) pluck up a little ſpirit, give him as good as he ſends, and I'll warrant you will ſoon bring him into better humour.'

Sarah had too high an opinion of her friend not to take her advice: the next time her

her husband expostulated with her upon her neglect of her family, Sarah, in the words of her friend, *gave him as good as he brought*; instead of opposing silence, at least, to his too just rebukes, she bade him look to himself before he reproved her, and began to enumerate every folly he had committed since she had known him; and not content with this, added those of father, mother, sisters and brothers. This incensed Richard, and provoked him to use many bad words, which Sarah returned fourfold, for since her intimacy with Mrs. Clacket, she was, like her, become very loquacious, or talkative.

Though this conduct did not produce the effect on her husband's temper. Sarah was assured it would, and though she saw that instead of mending his humour it irritated it, she, nevertheless, continued to aggravate on every occasion, and to give her tongue such license, that the house was a continued scene of strife whenever she and her husband were in it. It happened one Sunday morning, according to custom, that when Richard called for a pair of stockings, none were to be found that did not want mending, and he was obliged to wait while his wife sewed up two or three holes before he could put them on. This, as I have before hinted, was no new thing; it repeatedly happened;

happened; but Richard was this morning, perhaps, leſs in a humour to bear it without murmuring; he made ſome remarks upon her neglect, and threw out ſome bitter reflections againſt her neighbour Clacket, to whoſe vile example he attributed all her miſconduct. Sarah retorted with her uſual flippancy; for every word of Richard's ſhe returned ten, and as ſhe knew that would aggravate him more than any thing elſe, ſhe began to revert to the faults of his father, who having in his youth been addicted to liquor, had ſaved nothing to ſupport him in his age, and was now chiefly maintained out of his ſon's earnings, added to a ſmall matter he received weekly from the pariſh. Richard had for ſome time borne all with tolerable temper, but this raiſed his choler to ſuch a pitch, that it was with the utmoſt difficulty he reſtrained himſelf from ſtriking her: Sarah ſeeing his hand raiſed againſt her was frightened, and began for the firſt time to think ſhe had gone a little too far; but too proud to make any conceſſions, or even by her ſilence to let him ſee, as ſhe called it, that he had gained his point, ſhe continued the ſame aggravating language; and when Richard, with a very bad word, declared he would by ſome means prevent her keeping company with that vile woman who had corrupted her; to ſhew him how little ſhe regarded

what

what he ſaid, ſhe took her hat and cloak from a nail in the wall, and turned out of the houſe, ſaying ſhe ſhould not give up the only friend ſhe had in the world to pleaſe him, nor any huſband ten times as good. Richard was going to ſtop her, but feeling his paſſion again to riſe, and fearing he might be provoked to ſtrike her, he was prudent enough to let her go, and ſat down to recover himſelf. When his paſſion had ſomewhat ſubſided, and he began to reflect coolly on what had happened, he was ſenſible that however great the provocation, he had done wrong in ſuffering paſſion ſo far to get the better of his reaſon; for he juſtly reflected, that if he could not bring about the reformation of his wife by gentle means, there was little hopes of effecting it by violence; on all accounts, therefore, he repented giving way to paſſion. Sarah in the mean time haſtened to her friend Clacket to tell all her grievances, and to rail againſt her huſband; but ſhe was much diſappointed to find that ſhe was gone out for the whole day. Not knowing what to do with herſelf, and in no humour to return home, ſhe ſauntered down a green lane at a little diſtance from her houſe, without knowing whither ſhe was going, and reflecting with bitterneſs on the miſerable life ſhe led, which far from attributing to her own folly, ſhe laid wholly to the humour of

what she called a bad husband. She had not gone far before she was overtaken by Mr. Allen, the curate of the village. There could not be a more worthy benevolent character than this gentleman. He had heard that Sarah and her husband did not live so happily together as formerly, and that her misconduct and intimacy with Dame Clacket was the cause of their disagreement; he wished to inquire into the truth, and to give Sarah a little wholesome advice if necessary, the present seemed a good opportunity, and he immediately accosted her.

Mr. *Allen*. Good morrow, neighbour Smithwaite, how is your husband, and the little chubby boy I used to admire so much?

Sarah courtesying. Both pure well, thank you, Sir.

Mr. *Allen*. Well, and how do you go on! I suppose by this time, as you have no great increase of family, you have been able to lay by a little matter against a rainy day?

Sarah. Against a rainy day! Sir, I assure you we are much worse off than ever.

Mr. *Allen*. How so? you have had no sickness in your family, I hope?

Sarah.

Sarah. No, Sir, no ſickneſs, thank God we have all been pure well.

Mr. *Allen.* Then how is it that you are worſe off than you uſed to be? I always underſtood that Richard was an induſtrious man, and one of the beſt of huſbands.

Sarah. Ah! Sir, *was*, yes, he *was* one of the beſt huſbands, but he is not now what he uſed to be.

Mr. *Allen.* I am ſorry to hear this; I hope he has not taken to drinking?

Sarah. Why as to that, Sir, I cannot ſay that he ever gets in liquor, but he ſpends almoſt all his evenings at the Swan; time was he uſed to ſpend them at home at his own fire-ſide.

Mr. *Allen.* This is a bad habit indeed; it is aſtoniſhing to me that a man ſhould prefer an ale-houſe, when he has a clean comfortable fire-ſide of his own, and a good-humoured wife to receive him, and no doubt Sarah, you take care that your huſband has both there?

Sarah, with ſome confuſion. Why, Sir, when people have families, you know, they cannot expect things to be always in print: where

where one has only two rooms and a little ſhed, and waſhing, and cooking, and mending, and making, and all to do, one muſt ſometimes be in a little diſorder; but Richard has not hought oft hat, if every thing is not juſt in its place, or he has to wait a quarter of an hour for his dinner, or while a button is ſewed on his ſhirt, the houſe is too hot to hold him, I am ſure I lead the life of a dog with him: he is not the man he uſed to be.

Mr. *Allen.* He was not then always ſubject to this violence of temper?

Sarah. Oh no, Sir, for two years after we were married there was not a better huſband, nor a better tempered man in the world; and ſo induſtrious! It would ſurprize you, Sir, to know how much money he got by working over hours.

Mr. *Allen.* He neglects his buſineſs now, I ſuppoſe?

Sarah. Why no, Sir, I cannot ſay that neither; to be ſure he does not let the child or me want for any thing, but he never works at over-hours as he uſed to do; he has got it in his head that he ſhall be none the richer if he gets ever ſo much, becauſe he ſays I manage ſo badly; indeed he

ſeems

ſeems to take delight now in nothing but quarrelling with me; I'm ſure I lead the life of a dog.

Mr. *Allen.* In moſt differences between man and wife, neighbour Smithwaite, there are faults on both ſides; now let us examine a little whether you are not as much, if not more in fault than your huſband; from what you have ſaid, and what I have before heard, I am inclined to think this the caſe. You do not, I think, accuſe Richard of drinking, nor any vice of that kind. Though he does not work at over hours, you ſay he takes care that neither you nor your child ſhould want for any thing; your principal charge is againſt his temper. An irritable temper is certainly very reprehenſible, but as you ſay that for two years after your marriage Richard was one of the beſt *tempered* men, I am perſuaded ſuch a change could not take place without ſome cauſe; can you now lay your hand on your heart, and ſay ſeriouſly, that you have never given your huſband provocation?

Sarah. Why, Sir, he has taken it into his head to be in his airs becauſe I keep company with my neighbour Clacket, who is as good a ſort of woman as any in the world; if it was not for her I ſhould not be able to bear with his humours; but I go

and

and tell her my troubles, and she comforts me, and advises me what to do. Indeed if she had not persuaded me to pluck up a little spirit, there would have been no living with him; but Richard has no word bad enough for her, because she is my friend; but I am determined never to give her up, and so I have told him.

Mr. *Allen.* This is not acting as a good wife, Sarah. It is your duty to love, honour and obey your husband; God commands you so to do; and however lightly you may think of this commandment, you have sworn at the altar to keep it.

Sarah. Yes, Sir; but this is such an unreasonable thing!

Mr. *Allen.* It is your duty to give up to your husband, Sarah, in all things that are not criminal; and in this instance Richard has, if what I have heard be true, very good reason for objecting to your intimacy with Dame Clacket, who is, to my knowledge, a very idle gossipping woman, neither a good wife nor a good mother.

Sarah. Dear, does your Reverence think so? I'm sure I never saw any harm of her in my life; to be sure she and her husband quarrels, and she is obliged in her own de-

fence

fence to give him as good as he brings, or he would, as she says, trample her under foot; but I'm sure if he would let her alone she would not begin.

Mr. *Allen*. I am afraid, Sarah, you have imbibed too many of her principles for your own or your husband's happiness. I am told, and I now fear it is too true, that you are continually from home junketing with this woman, that you meet only to rail against, and talk over the faults of your husbands; and that by these means you stir up each other to oppose and aggravate their tempers.

Sarah felt the force of these truths too strongly to reply immediately; she hesitated, and was covered with confusion, to find the venerable curate so well acquainted with her manner of going on. At length she said, to be sure she could not say but she had got a habit of being from home more than she used to be, and she often thought she would break through it, but her neighbour Clacket always said so much that she could never refuse.

Mr. *Allen*. Can you then wonder at your husband wishing to break off a connection, which by your own account, leads you into things that you know to be wrong. If Dame Clacket

Clacket were your true friend ſhe would adviſe you to that only which would conciliate the affections of your huſband, and make your life comfortable.

Sarah. I'll anſwer for it, Sir, ſhe means no harm. To be ſure ſhe did tell me to give my huſband as good as he ſent, when he ſcolded, and I believe I may have now and then gone rather too far with that, as I have this morning.

Mr. Allen underſtanding that a diſpute had recently happened, inſenſibly led Sarah to give him a detail of the particulars, which ſhe did, and ſo impartially, that he was at no loſs to ſee that the fault, as he had reaſon to think it uſually did, lay in her aggravating tongue, he therefore went on thus:

Mr. *Allen.* From the account you have given me, Mrs Smithwaite, we ſee the truth of the Apoſtle James's words, 'The tongue is a little member that boaſteth great things.' 'Behold, (continues he,) how great a matter a little fire kindleth.' In other words, obſerve how much ſtrife and animoſity may be occaſioned by one thoughtleſs or aggravating word; one bad word naturally leads to another, till the fury

fury of each party is kindled, and blows and murders are often the consequence.

Sarah. Yes, Sir, to be sure, I might be wrong; but you cannot think how cross and ill-natured Richard spoke about the stockings, though I am sure I was not more than ten minutes mending them.

Mr. *Allen.* 'A soft answer, (my good woman, we are told by Solomon, the wisest man that ever lived,) turneth away wrath.'

Now had you recollected this, and, instead of irritating your husband's temper, which was already ruffled, had told him, you were sorry for the neglect, and would endeavour to prevent it in future, be assured his anger would soon have passed away, and the disagreeable consequences that succeeded entirely avoided.

Sarah. Why, to be sure, I must own I did provoke him; I am sorry now that I said so much, but if I had been to be killed for it I could not have helped it at the time.

Mr. *Allen.* The Scripture tells us, Mrs. Smithwaite, that 'The tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity,' that 'it defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the whole course of nature:' now so much power being

being attributed to the tongue, we ought to conſider it as one of the moſt important duties to govern it wiſely, it was given us to utter the praiſes of our Creator, not to blaſpheme his holy name, and to become an inſtrument of ſtrife and contention among our brethren, whom we are commanded to love and edify. I ſpeak thus to you, Mrs. Smithwaite, becauſe I ſee you regularly at church, and conclude, therefore, that you have ſome ſenſe of religion.

Sarah. I hope ſo, Sir, for I ſay my prayers regularly.

Mr. *Allen.* The mere repetition of prayers, or attendance on church, (I mean where it produces no effect on our conduct) can avail little; if we hope to pleaſe God and live with Chriſt, we muſt cultivate that ſpirit of meekneſs and forbearance, an example of which he ſets us in his bleſſed life: our faith is nothing if it produce not ſuch fruits, for by theſe ſhall we know that we are truly his diſciples. You may, perhaps, think, that if you avoid yielding to paſſion yourſelf it is ſufficient, that our duty ends in reſtraining our own paſſions; but it is far otherwiſe, we muſt have regard to the infirmities of our poor brethren, aſſiſt them in fighting the good fight

ght, and be careful not to throw in their vay a cauſe of ſtumbling or offence; it is our duty to avoid every word, look, or ction, that is likely to excite or rouſe thoſe evil propenſities which more or leſs lie dormant in us all, and are too ready to break forth on the ſlighteſt occaſions; every one muſt feel that the fleſh luſteth continually againſt the ſpirit; and are we not, think you, accountable for the ſins of our brother, if inſtead of aſſiſting him to overcome the evil of his nature, we provoke and excite it? When we ſee our brother on the point of yielding to the paſſion of anger, and ſtir up or encourage it by any provoking or aggravating language, do we not, think you, tempt him to evil, and become guilty of his ſin? St. James adviſes us to 'keep a ſtrict guard on our tongue, leaſt it tempt our brother to evil.' 'If any man, (ſays the apoſtle,) offend not in word, the ſame is a perfect man, and able alſo to bridle the whole body.' In another place he adds. 'The tongue is an unruly evil, full of deadly poiſon.' The words of our Lord himſelf on this ſubject are very remarkable, and deſerving the moſt ſerious conſideration. 'A good man out of the good treaſure of his heart bringeth forth good things, and an evil man out of the evil treaſure of his heart bringeth forth evil things; out of the abun-

abundance of the heart the mouth ſpeaketh: But I ſay unto you that every idle word that men ſhall ſpeak, they ſhall give account thereof in the day of judgment, for by thy mouth ſhalt thou be juſtified, and by thy mouth ſhalt thou be condemned.' Oh, Mrs. Smithwaite, this is an awful denunciation, and from the lips of truth itſelf! let it ſound ever in your ears, and prevent your giving your tongue a licence you ſhall fear to recollect in that tremendous day.

Sarah. Oh, Sir! I am quite ſhocked at what you tell me; I never thought I had been ſo wicked; I am convinced I have done wrong, and will never in future provoke my huſband in the manner I have done. I will return home and entreat his forgiveneſs.

Mr. *Allen.* The winding of this lane, if I am not miſtaken leads to your cottage: come, I will go with you, and have the pleaſure of witneſſing your reconciliation.

Sarah. Oh, Sir, how good you are! I begin to think I have been more in fault than Richard; for to be ſure, when I come to conſider, it is a long time ſince he has had a comfortable fire-ſide to come to.

Mr. *Allen.*

Mr. *Allen*. I am rejoiced, my good Sarah, to hear you talk thus, the fault that is ſeen and acknowledged is half amended; believe me you will find far more pleaſure in performing your duty than in attending to the goſſip and junketing of your neighbour Clacket.

Sarah. You have convinced me, Sir, that it is my duty to obey my huſband, therefore, if it is his will, I will certainly, whatever it may coſt me, break off with Dame Clacket. At this moment they entered the cottage, where Richard, who had the day before ſtrained his thumb, ſo that he could not go to work, was ſitting and ruminating on the unhappy propenſities of his wife. He roſe reſpectfully to receive the good curate, but when he introduced his wife to him as a penitent for the faults ſhe had committed, and heard her acknowledge them, aſk his forgiveneſs, and declare her reſolution to amend, he was almoſt beſide himſelf with joy; notwithſtanding the preſence of the curate, he took her round the neck, and giving her a hearty kiſs, declared, that if ſhe would make good her words, and be to him the wife ſhe was when they firſt married, he would never ſpend an evening at an ale-houſe, nor again give her a crooked word.

The

The good curate was delighted with the reconciliation his admonitions had brought about, he received their mutual thanks and bade them farewell, promising to call upon them again. Sarah told her husband she would break off her connection with Mrs. Clacket; but Richard was so pleased with the conduct of his wife, that he said, if it would give her pain he would not desire it, as she seemed so sensible of her errors, and to know so well how to amend them; for while he took a walk with his little boy, she had set about cleaning her apartment and setting things in order, washed the table-cloth, and had every thing in order for his return. Nor was this sudden resolution soon forgotten, Sarah persevered in the same conduct with unremitted assiduity, and Richard in return became the same diligent, industrious, and kind husband he had formerly been. Mrs. Clacket several times called and endeavoured to joke Sarah out of the part she had taken, but she was now too well convinced of her errors to relapse, and found too much comfort in the path she had returned to, again to swerve from it, Mrs. Clacket, therefore, finding her opinions had not the same weight as formerly, made her calls less frequent, and at last wholly dropt them: nor was this any vexation to Sarah; she found

as Mr. Allen foretold, infinitely greater satisfaction in performing the duties of her station than in listening to the idle tales, or in attending to the junketings of her neighbour Clacket.

FINIS.

JUST PUBLISHED AND SOLD BY

WILLIAM WATSON AND SON,

No. 7, CAPEL-STREET.

Two Wealthy Farmers, 7 Parts	Price 7d
Two Shoe-makers, 5 Parts	5
Shepherd of Saliſbury Plain, 2 Parts	2
Hiſtory of Tom White the Poſtilion, 2 Parts	2
Hiſtory of Poaching Giles, 2 Parts	2
Hiſtory of Mary Wood the Houſe-maid	1
Hiſtory of Charles Jones the Foot-man	1
Beggarly Boy	1
Good Mother's Legacy	1
Hiſtory of John Doyle	1
Two Soldiers	1
Life of William Baker	1
Gameſter, and Story of Sinful Sally	1
Pilgrims, an Allegory	1
Parley the Porter, an Allegory	1
Path to Riches and Happineſs	1
New Thoughts for the New Year	1
Divine Model	1
Ship-wreck, and Execution of Wild Robert	1
Wife Reformed	1
Hiſtory of Mr. Fantom	1
Lancaſhire Collier Girl	1
Cottage Cook	1
Hiſtory of Heſter Wilmot	1
Sorrowful Sam	1
Tawney Rachel, and The Bad Bargain	1
General Reſurrection	0½
Two Siſters	0½
Happy Waterman	0½
Huſbandry Moralized	0½
Carpenter	0½
Apprentice's Monitor	0½
Horſe Race	0½
Dram Shop	0½